

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would
Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER I.

For hermits were re called; because Christ
suffered for you, leaving you an example,
that ye should follow his steps.

It was Friday morning, and the Rev.
Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his
Sunday morning sermon. He had been
interrupted several times and was
growing nervous as the morning wore
away and the sermon grew very slowly
toward a satisfactory finish.

"Mary," he called to his wife as he
went up stairs after the last interrup-
tion, "if any one comes after this I
wish you would say that I am very
busy and cannot come down unless it
is something very important."

"Yes, Henry. But I am going over
to visit the kindergarten, and you will
have the house all to yourself."

The minister went up into his study
and shut the door. In a few minutes
he heard his wife go out.

He settled himself at his desk with a
sigh of relief and began to write. His
text was from I Peter ii, 21.

"For hermits were re called; because
Christ also suffered for you, leaving
you an example, that ye should follow
his steps."

He had emphasized in the first part
of his sermon the atonement as a per-
sonal sacrifice, calling attention to the
fact of Jesus' suffering in various ways,
in his life as well as in his death. He
had gone on to emphasize the atonement
from the side of example, giving
illustrations from the life and teaching
of Jesus to show how faith in the Christ
helped to save men because of the pat-
tern or character he displayed for their
imitation. He was now on the third
and last point, the necessity of follow-
ing Jesus in his sacrifice and example.

He had just put down, "(3) Steps—
what are they?" and was about to
enumerate them in logical order when
the bell rang sharply. It was one of
those clockwork bells and always went
off as a clock might go if it tried to
strike 12 all at once.

Henry Maxwell sat at his desk and
frowned a little. He made no move-
ment to answer the bell. Very soon it
rang again. Then he rose and walked
over to one of his windows, which com-
manded a view of the front door.

A man was standing on the steps. He
was a young man very shabbily dressed.
"Looks like a tramp," said the min-
ister. "I suppose I'll have to go down
and—"

He did not finish the sentence, but
went down stairs and opened the front
door.

There was a moment's pause as the
two men stood facing each other. Then
the shabby looking young man said:

"I'm out of a job, sir, and thought
maybe you might put me in the way of
getting something."

"I don't know of anything. Jobs are
scarce," replied the minister, begin-
ning to shut the door slowly.

"I didn't know but you might per-
haps be able to give me a line to the
city railway or superintendent of the
shops or something," continued the
young man, shifting his faded hat from
one hand to the other nervously.

"It would be of no use. You will
have to excuse me. I am very busy this
morning. I hope you will find some-
thing. Sorry I can't give you some-
thing to do here. But I keep only a
horse and a cow and do the work my-
self."

The Rev. Henry Maxwell closed the
door and heard the man walk down the
steps. As he went up into his study he
saw from his hall window that the man
was going slowly down the street, still
holding his hat between his hands. There
was something in the figure so dejected,
homeless and forsaken that the min-
ister hesitated a moment as he
stood looking at it. Then he turned to
his desk and with a sigh began the
writing where he had left off.

He had no more interruptions, and
when his wife came in two hours later
the sermon was finished, and the loose
leaves were gathered up and neatly tied
together and laid on his Bible, all ready
for the Sunday morning service.

"A queer thing happened at the kin-
dergarten this morning, Henry," said
his wife while they were eating dinner.
"You know, I went over with Mrs.
Brown to visit the school, and just af-
ter the games, while the children were
at the tables, the door opened, and a
young man came in, holding a dirty
hat in both hands. He sat down near
the door and never said a word, only
looked at the children. He was evidently
a tramp, and Miss Wren and her as-
sistant, Miss Kyle, were a little fright-
ened at first, but he sat there very
quietly, and after a few minutes he
went out."

"Perhaps he was tired and wanted
to rest somewhere. The same man
called here, I think. Did you say he
looked like a tramp?"

"Yes, very dusty, shabby and gener-
ally tramplike—not more than 30 or 33
years old, I should say."

"The same man," said the Rev.
Henry Maxwell thoughtfully.

"Did you finish your sermon, Hen-
ry?" his wife asked after a pause.

"Yes, all done. It has been a very
busy week with me. The two sermons
cost me a good deal of labor."

They will be appreciated by a large
audience tomorrow, I hope," replied
his wife, smiling. "What are you go-
ing to preach about in the morning?"

"Following Christ. I take up the
atonement under the heads of sacrifice
and example and then show the steps
needed to follow his sacrifice and ex-

ample."

"I am sure it is a good sermon. I
hope it won't rain Sunday. We have
had so many rainy days lately."

"Yes; the audiences have been quite
small for some time. People will not
come out to church in a storm." The
Rev. Henry Maxwell sighed as he said
it. He was thinking of the careful, la-
borious efforts he had made in prepar-
ing sermons for large audiences that
failed to appear.

But Sunday morning dawned on the
town of Raymond one of those perfect
days that sometimes come after long
periods of wind and rain and mud. The
air was clear and bracing, the sky was
free from all threatening signs, and ev-
ery one in Henry Maxwell's parish pre-
pared to go to church. When the service
opened at 11 o'clock, the large building
was filled with an audience of the best
dressed, most comfortable looking peo-
ple in Raymond.

The First church of Raymond be-
lieved in having the best music that
money could buy, and its quartet choir
this morning was a great source of
pleasure to the congregation. The an-
them was inspiring. All the music was
in keeping with the subject of the ser-
mon. And the anthem was an elaborate
adaptation to the most modern music
of the hymn:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.

Just before the sermon the soprano
sang a solo, the well known hymn:

Where he leads me I will follow,
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Rachel Winslow looked very beau-
tiful that morning as she stood up be-
hind the screen of carved oak which
was significantly marked with the em-
blems of the cross and the crown. Her
voice was even more beautiful than
her face, and that meant a great deal.
There was a general rustle of expecta-
tion over the audience as she arose.
Henry Maxwell settled himself content-
edly behind the pulpit. Rachel Wins-
low's singing always helped him. He
generally arranged for a song before
the sermon. It made possible a certain
inspiration of feeling that he knew
made his delivery more impressive.

People said to themselves they had
never heard such singing even in the
First church. It is certain that if it
had not been a church service her solo
would have been vigorously applauded.
It even seemed to Henry Maxwell when
she sat down that something like an at-
tempted clapping of hands or striking
of feet on the floor swept through the
church. He was startled by it. As he
rose, however, and laid his sermon on
the open Bible he said to himself he
had been deceived. Of course it could
not occur. In a few moments he was
absorbed in his sermon, and everything
else was forgotten in the pleasure of
the delivery.

No one had ever accused Henry Max-
well of being a dull preacher. On the
contrary, he had often been charged
with being sensational, not in what he
said so much as in his way of saying
it. But the First church people liked
that. It gave their preacher and their
parish a pleasant distinction that was
agreeable.

It was also true that the pastor of
the First church loved to preach. He
seldom exchanged. He was eager to be
in his own pulpit when Sunday came.
There was an exhilarating half hour
for him as he stood facing a church full
of people and knew that he had a hear-
ing. He was peculiarly sensitive to
variations in the attendance. He never
preached well before a small audience.
The weather also affected him decid-
edly. He was at his best before just such
an audience as faced him now, on just
such a morning. He felt a glow of sat-
isfaction as he went on. The church
was the first in the city. It had the best
choir. It had a membership composed
of the leading people, representatives
of the wealth, society and intelligence
of Raymond. He was going abroad on
a three months' vacation in the sum-
mer, and the circumstances of his pas-
torate, his influence and his position as
pastor of the first church in the city—

It is not certain that the Rev. Henry
Maxwell knew just how he could carry
on all that thought in connection with
his sermon, but as he drew near the
end of it he knew that he had at some
point in his delivery had all these feel-
ings. They had entered into the very
substance of his thought. It might
have been all in a few seconds of time,
but he had been conscious of defining
his position and his emotions as well as
if he had held a soliloquy, and his de-
livery partook of the thrill of deep per-
sonal satisfaction.

The sermon was interesting. It was
full of striking sentences. They would
have commanded attention printed.
Spoken with the passion of a dramatic
utterance that had the good taste never
to offend with a suspicion of ranting or
declamation, they were very effective.
If the Rev. Henry Maxwell that morn-
ing felt satisfied with the conditions of
his pastorate, the parish of First church
also had a similar feeling as it congrat-
ulated itself on the presence in the pul-
pit of this scholarly, refined, somewhat
striking face and figure, preaching
with such animation and freedom from
all vulgar, noisy or disagreeable man-
nerism.

Suddenly, into the midst of this per-
fect accord and concord between preach-
er and audience, there came a very re-
markable interruption. It would be
difficult to indicate the extent of the
shock which this interruption measured.
It was so unexpected, so entirely con-

trary to any thought of any person
present, that it offered no room for
argument or, for the time being, of re-
sistance.

The sermon had come to a close. The
Rev. Henry Maxwell had turned the
half of the big Bible over upon his
manuscripts and was about to sit down
as the quartet prepared to rise and
sing the closing selection.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts and all my doings,
All my days and all my hours,

when the entire congregation was start-
led by the sound of a man's voice. It
came from the rear of the church, from
one of the seats under the gallery. The
next moment the figure of a man came
out of the shadow there and walked
down the middle aisle.

Before the startled congregation real-
ized what was being done the man had
reached the open space in front of the
pulpit and had turned about, facing
the people.

"I've been wondering since I came
in here"—they were the words he used
under the gallery, and he repeated them
—"if it would be just the thing to say
a word at the close of this service. I'm
not drunk, and I'm not crazy, and I'm
perfectly harmless. But if I die, as
there is every likelihood I shall in a
few days, I want the satisfaction of
thinking that I said my say in a place
like this, before just this sort of a
crowd."

Henry Maxwell had not taken his
seat, and he now remained standing,
leaning on his pulpit, looking down at
the stranger. It was the man who had
come to his house Friday morning, the
same dusty, worn, shabby looking
young man. He held his faded hat in
his two hands. It seemed to be a fa-
vorite gesture. He had not been shaved,
and his hair was rough and tangled. It
was doubtful if any one like this had
ever confronted the First church within
the sanctuary. It was tolerably familiar
with this sort of humanity out on the
street, around the railroad shops, wan-
dering up and down the avenue, but
it had never dreamed of such an incident
as this so near.

There was nothing offensive in the
man's manner or tone. He was not ex-
cited, and he spoke in a low but dis-
tinct voice. Henry Maxwell was con-
scious, even as he stood there smitten
into dumb astonishment at the event,
that somehow the man's action remind-
ed him of a person he had once seen
walking and talking in his sleep.

No one in the church made any mo-
tion to stop the stranger or in any way
interrupt him. Perhaps the first shock
of his sudden appearance deepened into
genuine perplexity concerning what
was best to do. However that may be,
he went on as if he had no thought of
interruption and no thought of the un-
usual element he had introduced into
the decorum of the First church service,
and all the while he was speaking
Henry Maxwell leaned over the pulpit,
his face growing more white and sad
every moment. But he made no move-
ment to stop him, and the people sat
smitten into breathless silence. One
other face, that of Rachel Winslow,
from the choir seats, stared, white and
intent, down at the shabby figure with
the faded hat. Her face was striking at
any time. Under the pressure of the
present unthought of incident it was as
personally distinct as if it had been
framed in fire.

"I'm not an ordinary tramp, though
I don't know of any teaching of Jesus
that makes one kind of a tramp less
worth saving than another. Do you?"
He put the question as naturally as if
the whole congregation had been a
small private Bible class. He paused
just a moment and coughed painfully.
Then he went on.

"I lost my job ten months ago. I am
a printer by trade. The new linotype
machines are beautiful specimens of
invention, but I know six men who
have killed themselves inside of the
year just on account of those machines.
Of course I don't blame the newspapers
for getting the machines. Meanwhile
what can a man do? I know I never
learned but the one trade, and that's
all I can do. I've tramped all over the
country trying to find something. There
are a good many others like me. I'm
not complaining, am I? Just stating
facts. But I was wondering, as I sat
there under the gallery, if what you
call following Jesus is the same thing
as what he taught."

"What did he mean when he said,
'Follow me?'" The minister said—"here
the man turned about and looked up at
the pulpit—"that it was necessary for
the disciple of Jesus to follow his steps,
and he said the steps were obedience,
faith, love and imitation. But I did
not hear him tell just what he meant
to mean, especially the last step.
What do Christians mean by following
the steps of Jesus? I've tramped
through this city for three days trying
to find a job, and in all that time I
not had a word of sympathy or com-
fort except from your minister here, who
said he was sorry for me and hoped I
would find a job somewhere. I sup-
pose it is because you get so imposed on
by the professional tramp that you have
lost your interest in the other sort. I'm
not blaming anybody, am I? Just stat-
ing facts. Of course I understand you
can't all go out of your way to hunt up
jobs for people like me. I'm not asking
you to, but what I feel puzzled about is
what is meant by following Jesus. Do
you mean that you are suffering and
denying yourselves and trying to save
lost suffering humanity just as I un-
derstand Jesus did? What do you mean
by it? I see the ragged edge of things
a good deal. I understand there are
more than 500 men in this city in my
case. Most of them have families. My
wife died four months ago. I'm glad
she is out of trouble. My little girl is
staying with a printer's family until I
find a job. Somehow I get puzzled
when I see so many Christians living
in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my
cross have taken, all to leave and fol-
low thee,' and remember how my wife
died in a tenement in New York city,
gasping for air and asking God to take
the little girl too. Of course I don't ex-
pect you people can prevent every one
from dying of starvation, lack of proper
nourishment and tenement air. But

what does following Jesus mean? I
understand that Christian people own
a good many of the tenements. A mem-
ber of a church was the owner of the
one where my wife died, and I have
wondered if following Jesus all the
way was true in his case. I heard some
people singing at a church prayer meet-
ing the other night.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts and all my doings,
All my days and all my hours,

"and I kept wondering, as I sat on
the steps outside, just what they meant
by it. It seems to me there's an awful
lot of trouble in the world that some-
how wouldn't exist if all the people
who sing such songs went and lived
them out. I suppose I don't under-
stand. But what would Jesus do? Is
that what you mean by following his
steps? It seems to me sometimes as if
the people in the city churches had good
clothes and nice houses to live in, and
money to spend for luxuries, and could
go away on summer vacations and all
that, while the people outside of the
churches, thousands of them, I mean,
die in tenements, and walk the streets
for jobs, and never have a piano or a
picture in the house, and grow up in
misery and drunkenness and sin." The
man gave a queer lurch over in the di-
rection of the communion table and laid
one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon
the carpet at his feet. A stir went
through the congregation. Dr. West
half rose from his seat, but as yet the
silence was unbroken by any voice or
movement worth mentioning in the
audience. The man passed his other
hand across his eyes and then, without
any warning, fell heavily forward on
his face, full length, up the aisle.

Henry Maxwell spoke, "We will con-
sider the service dismissed." He was
down the pulpit stairs and kneeling by
the prostrate form before any one else.
The audience instantly rose, and the
aisle was crowded. Dr. West pro-
nounced the man alive. He had fainted
away.

"Some heart trouble," the doctor
also muttered as he helped to carry him
into the pastor's study.

Henry Maxwell and a group of his
church members remained some time
in the study. The man lay on the couch
there and breathed heavily. When the
question of what to do with him came
up, the minister insisted upon taking
him to his house. He lived near by and
had an extra room. Rachel Winslow
said: "Mother has no company at pres-
ent. I am sure we would be glad to
give him a place with us." She looked
strangely agitated. No one noticed it
particularly. They were all excited over
the strange event, the stranger that
First church people could remember.
But the minister insisted on taking
charge of the man, and when a carriage
came the unconscious but living form
was carried to his house, and with the
entrance of that humanity into the
minister's spare room a new chapter in
Henry Maxwell's life began, and yet no
one, himself least of all, dreamed of the
remarkable change it was destined to
make in all his after definition of Chris-
tian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation
in the First church parish. People
talked of nothing else for a week. It
was the general impression that the
man had wandered into the church in a
condition of mental disturbance caused
by his troubles and that all the time he
was talking he was in a strange de-
lirium of fever and really ignorant of
his surroundings. That was the most
charitable construction to put upon his
action. It was the general agreement
also that there was a singular absence
of anything bitter or complaining in
what the man had said. He had through-
out spoken in a mild, apologetic tone,
almost as if he were one of the congre-
gation seeking for light on a very diffi-
cult subject.

The third day after his removal to
the minister's house there was a marked
change in his condition. The doctor
spoke of it and offered no hope. Satur-
day morning he still lingered, although
he had rapidly failed as the week drew
near to its close. Sunday morning just
before the clock struck 1 he rallied and
asked if his child had come. The min-
ister had sent for her as soon as he had
been able to secure her address from
some letters found in the man's pocket.
He had been conscious and able to talk
coherently only a few moments since
his attack. "The child is coming. She
will be here," Henry Maxwell said as
he sat there, his face showing marks of
the strain of the week's vigil, for he
had insisted on sitting up nearly every
night.

"I shall never see her in this world,"
the man whispered. Then he uttered
with great difficulty the words: "You
have been good to me. Somehow I feel
as if it was what Jesus would do." After
a few moments he turned his head
slightly and before Henry Max-
well could realize the fact the doctor
said: "He is gone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How He Got Exercise.

Lord Palmerston used a clever ex-
pedient for coercing himself into a
little regular daily exercise.

It was his custom when in govern-
ment positions to have his inkstand
placed upon a table several yards away
from the desk at which he worked, so
that he had to walk several paces for
each dip of ink.

He attributed his maintenance of
sturdy health and jaunty manner un-
der the trying conditions of office rou-
tine to this simple practice, as also his
habit of performing all work standing.

Ready Made Mermaldens.

In reference to a recent paragraph on
mermaidens, a correspondent writes:
"It may not be generally known that
Japan exports these shams in assorted
sizes, in glass cases, at so much per
footrun. They are made of the body
of a fish and the dried head of a
monkey, so skillfully united that it is
difficult to detect where one begins and
the other ends. Late the market for
mermaidens has been flat. At one time
they were fairly common in the curi-
osity shops."

FILIPINOS TAKING
THE AGGRESSIVE.Plan to Attack the Town and
Slaughter the Americans.

Manila, Oct. 16, 9 10 a. m.—Mail
advice from Iloilo state that there is a
great tension between the Visayans and
Tagalos growing out of the Tagalos
holding Araneta, a leader of the Visay-
ans, a prisoner, since the threatened
Visayan revolt against Tagalo domina-
tion a month ago. The Visayans are
incensed to the point of rebellion. While
the Tagalos nominally control only the
military organization of the so called
Filipino republic, they have crowded out
the Visayans from the civil branch, where
there is great discontent. The Tagalos are
reported to be concentrating troops on Panay,
at Santa Barbara, where Delgado, chief of
the revolutionary government, commands,
with a view of putting themselves in a
position to suppress the Visayans. Four
thousand Tagalos who have been held in
reserve at Capiz, in the north-
ern province of Panay, last week
embarked in cascos, the fleet's purpose
being to land at Concepcion, whence
the troops would march to Santa
Barbara. Adverse winds prevented
the landing, however. Gen. Dalou's
forces, from Buena Vista, are also
reported to be going to Santa Barbara.
The insurgents will have 12,000 men
and 3,000 or 4,000 rifles there. Gen.
Magbada, according to letters, plans
to attack the suburbs of Iloilo with this
force, to carry the city and slaughter
the Americans.

A body of Tagalos, estimated to
number between 500 and 1,000, recent-
ly crossed from Santa Barbara to Escal-
ante, on the island of Negros, for the
purpose of aiding Itepapasio's band-
its in keeping under the inhabitants
who are friendly to the Americans.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stom-
ach and liver are out of order. All such should
know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the won-
derful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a
splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regu-
lar bodily habit that insures perfect health and
great energy. Only 25c at J. F. W. DeLorme's
drug store.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE
North-Eastern R. R. of S. C.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH			
Dated	No.	No.	No.
Apr. 17, '99	35*	23*	53*
	a m	p m	a m
Le Florence	3 25	7 45	
Le Kingstree		8 55	
Ar Lanes	4 33	9 13 p m	
Ar Lanes	4 33	9 13	6 20
Ar Charleston	6 03	10 50	8 00

TRAINS GOING NORTH.			
No.	No.	No.	
78*	32*	52*	
	a m	p m	a m
Le Charleston	6 33	4 49	7 00
Ar Lanes	8 03	6 14	8 32
Le Lanes	8 03	6 14	
Le Kingstree	8 20		
Ar Florence	9 20	7 20	
	a m	p m	a m

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.
No. 52 runs through to Columbia via Cen-
tral R. R. of S. C.

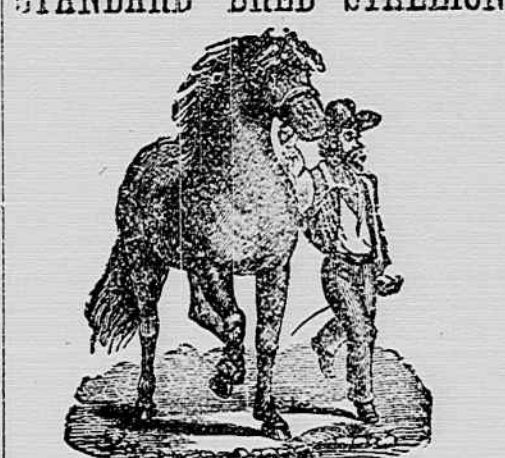
Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and
Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close
connection for all points North.

Trains on C. & D. R. leave Florence
daily except Sunday 9 50 a. m., arrive Dar-
lington 10 15 a. m., Hartsville 9 15 a. m., Cheraw
11 30 a. m., Wadesboro 2 25 p. m., leave
Florence daily except Sunday 7 55 p. m., ar-
rive Darlington 8 20 p. m., Bennettsville 9 17
p. m., Gibbes 9 45 p. m., leave Florence
Sunday only 9 30 a. m., arrive Darlington
10 05 a. m.

Leave Gibbes daily except Sunday 6 00
a. m., Bennettsville 7 00 a. m., arrive Dar-
lington 8 00 a. m., leave Darlington 8 50 a. m., ar-
rive Florence 9 15 a. m. Leave Wadesboro
daily except Sunday 3 00 p. m., Cheraw 4 45
p. m., Hartsville 7 00 a. m., Darlington 6 22
p. m., arrive Florence 7 00 p. m. Leave Dar-
lington Sunday only 8 50 a. m., arrive Flo-
rence 9 15 a. m.

J. R. KENLEY, JNO. F. DIVINE,
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Sup't
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
R. W. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent

STANDARD BRED STALLION



Modoc

Will Stand the Season in Sumter

—AT—
Boyle's Stables.

Chestnut Stallion, foaled May
1892; bred by Maj. Campbell
Brown, Ewell Stock Farm,
Tennessee.

"MODOC," sired by McEwen, 2.18; first
dam Lady Radawa; registered in Vol 12,
American Stud Book. He is one of the finest
bred stallions in the State; bred for size,
style, beauty and speed. He is of kind and
gentle disposition. A sure foot getter.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.



Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

No. 11 No. 3 Daily Daily	EASTERN TIME.		No. 6 No. 12 Daily Daily
5 30p 7 00a	Lv. Charleston	Ar	11 00a 8 15p
6 00p 7 45a	Branchville		10 15a 7 32p
7 00p 8 45a	Branchville		8 22a 5 20p
8 20p 9 20a	Orangeburg		7 30a 4 30p
9 20p 10 15a	Kingville		
10 45a	Camden Junction	Ar	3 50p
11 30a	Camden	Ar	3 00p
10 10p 11 00a	Columbia	Ar	6 45a 3 55p

	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Ex. Sun.
Lv. Augusta	7 00a	9 30a	5 21p
Ar. Sandersville	1 00p	1 13p	9 09p
" Tennille	1 30p	1 39p	9 21p
Lv. Tennille	5 15a	3 10p	3 10p
Ar. Sandersville	5 25a	3 21p	3 23p
Ar. Augusta	9 00a	7 10p	8 30p
	Mix. Daily	Mix. Ex su.	
Lv. Allendale	6 45a		
" Barnwell	7 25a	12 30p	
" Blackville	7 45a	1 00p	
Ar. Batesburg		3 30p	